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Probate Matters Geo. Baumberger vs Elizabeth Baumberger, divorce. Campbell & Bemis. Application to probate will of Clara Wuell.

Viola Haushalter vs Henry Haushalter, divorce. Frank Taylor. Application to probate will of Peter Hitchcock.

New Court Cases

The State of Ohio vs Chas Long, assault with intent to kill.

The State of Ohio vs James Melrose, burglary and larceny.

The State of Ohio vs C M Bryant, grand larceny.

The State of Ohio vs J L Smith grand larceny.

The State of Ohio vs Geo W Watson burglary and larceny.

Frank Shaffer vs John Clemens et al, damages. A R Campbell.

Louis Wickham vs Winfield Van Buskirk et al, for the construction of a lease. Campbell & Bemis.

John Gieson vs Richard Biggs et al, appeal.

Thomas Walbridge et al vs David Tobin, to recover possession of real estate. Chittenden & Chittenden.

Augusta Long vs William Long, for \$5,000 damages. G P Thompson.

Robert McCaskey vs The Ohio Oil Co, injunction. A W Eckert and King & Tracy.

Harman Hansen vs Thomas Henahan appeal. E E Bowers.

Sylvester Fox vs Rebecca Fox, divorce for adultery. E H Westenhaver.

The Central Ohio Oil & Gas Co vs E R McCune et al, for money. E H Westenhaver.

E Y Lingle et al, vs John Pitcher for money. Parker & Fries.

David E Bower vs John E Bower et al, petition to sell land. Jesse Stephens.

The Winner of the America's Cup.

Who will it be? Whether Britannia or Columbia will rule the waves in the coming contest time only will tell; but never before has a yacht race been anticipated with so much enthusiasm, and never before have the contestants been so closely matched. Apropos to the subject, and very interesting and valuable at this time, is a most elaborately illustrated paper, in Demore's Magazine for September, on "The Races for the America's Cup," which gives a history of the famous cup and the famous races for its possession, and latest information about our gallant Defender and her crew, information which every patriotic American wants to, and should, have. Another important national event, the dedication of the Chattanooga National Park and Cemetery, is treated of in "Battle-Field and Burial-Ground," which is embellished with numerous handsome illustrations. This an ideal magazine, published for only \$2 a year, by the Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth avenue, New York.

New York Fashion Letter

The most fashionable fabrics for yachting gowns are serge, linen and duck. Beautiful models are made of white linen with wide sailor collars of some bright color. The proper crew linen collarettes and plastrons are used both for cotton and wool dresses. The skirts are pored, lined with silk and have a stiff interlining half a yard deep. Mohair is the favorite fabric for French cycling costumes. The Knickerbockers are very full and strapped over the knee. The skirts are short and made with several side-pleats or box pleats. The jackets have full skirts, wide revers and large sleeves, which describes as well, the newest coat for early autumn. The cape will continue to be the most popular garment on account of the continuation of the voluminous sleeve. Both capes and jackets, as well as entire costumes in tailor style, will be braided in the same color or black. The new shades of alpaca are also braided. Novelties in woolen fabrics are checked and plaid crepon in the new colors. The most recent importation of silk are all the varieties of faulle and corded silk. Velvets and velvet ribbons appear in great quantities and velvet flowers in all varieties and colors will be used by the modists during the coming season. The McDowell Fashion Magazine in which one sees many illustrations of these new fancies are very interesting reading for this month.

MACKINAW EXCURSION.

Via the C. H. & D. RY and D. & C. Steamers.

On Thursday, September 5, the C. H. & D. Ry, in conjunction with the D. & C. Steamers, will run a low rate excursion to Mackinaw (city) and return at \$5.00 for the round trip. The object of this low rate excursion is to facilitate the people along the line of the C. H. & D. Ry of the beauties of Michigan as a summer resort, and make future tourists to this truly delightful country.

The trip is via the C. H. & D. to Toledo, the palatial steamer "City of Alpena" to Mackinaw. A lay-over has been arranged for at Detroit to allow the passenger to visit the "City of Straits," through Lake St. Clair, and St. Clair river to Lake Huron, passing the St. Clair club Houses, Oakland Hotel, St. Clair Springs Port Huron and other famous resorts. Stops being made at Isle St. Ignace, Port Huron Cheboygan and Mackinaw Island, reaching the Island Saturday Sept. 7.

This is the most delightful excursion of the season, and should be taken advantage of by all our citizens who can spare the time.

Side trips have been arranged for to Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, Petoskey, Snow Island, also a side trip to Duluth, through Mackinaw, via Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation Company's palatial steamer, "Pearl" etc.

If you have not yet enjoyed your summer outing, it will be to your interest to take advantage of this excursion.

Berths, state-rooms and all information can be obtained by calling or addressing any of the C. H. & D. ticket agents, or addressing D. G. Edwards, G. F. A. Cincinnati, O.

FOURTH COUSINS.

BY CHARLES D. WILLARD.

Something had happened!

There was such a rosy flush on her cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on his face such an utter abandon of joy, that anyone—even a man—could have guessed the truth.

Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least traveled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half-hour after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright, and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for midwinter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

"First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must tell me the truth."

"Certainly," said the young man.

"Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the role of the cruel parent," said the girl; "he can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however—"

"A fifth cousin," cried the young man, with a laugh.

"Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?"

"Truly; how else should we be here to-day?" Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis: "I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened under their long lashes, upon her companion.

"That little scheme," she repeated, slowly. "I don't understand."

The young man laughed uneasily.

"Why, Catherine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our great-great-grandfather?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong!" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's?"

"As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality—but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short—I would fain break it to you as gently as possible—we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain ordinary—"

"Not fifth cousins!"

"No, darling; and if you are going to faint, please fall on this side, with your head right here on my shoulder."

"I won't! Wretched boy, how could you deceive poor papa so?"

"I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Weston family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt."

"Richard Strong, how can you!"

"I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was not descended from Ebenezer Strong, of West Brighton Center, and you looked at me so appealingly—"

"I didn't say such things!"

"Why shouldn't I? I have doubtless had several hundred ancestors named Strong, and I took the chances that some one of them rejoiced in the phenomenon of Ebenezer. It is just the sort of a name that my forebears were given to putting upon themselves, as an effective and continuous mortification of the flesh. A horsehair shirt, now, would be nothing to it."

"You may laugh, if it pleases you," said the girl, severely. "But if papa had known you were not a relative we should not be riding alone together. He generally disapproves of the eastern people who spend the winter at the hotel."

"If you really feel that I have been guilty of false pretenses," said the young man, drawing his horse a little nearer, "suppose we begin all over again."

"Keep your distance, sir!" exclaimed the girl, steering to the opposite side of the road. "If we are to start afresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins—choicest specimens, I doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home."

"Perhaps it was wrong," he continued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance—are you sorry I took it?"

She looked her answer, but did not speak it, and then, avoiding the hand extended to seize her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead.

A long, even canter in silence followed, and they were again well into town before the conversation began again. Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces.

They turned into State street, and stopped at the post office, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand.

"None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins."

"Let me see," said the girl, holding out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself down the saddle, and they started slowly down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry.

"Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed.

"Writing to him? What for?"

"He has asked him to pay us a visit on the score of relationship, and your father—"

"Well?" said the young man, excitedly.

"He says he will start immediately—the very next day."

"Let me see the date of the letter. Ye gods, it has been delayed! He must have got here this morning."

"The train has been in two hours," she said, glancing at her watch.

"I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his horse first one way and then another.

"Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very beginning that it would make trouble some time."

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you?"

"There's the hotel 'bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something."

A long, empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver and he stopped.

"Did you bring up a tall gentleman this morning, with a white mustache and graying and gold eyeglasses?"

"Yes, sir. Your father, don't you mean?"

The young people exchanged startled glances.

"How did you know?"

"He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel; and when he found you had gone, he went and hired a buggy."

"A buggy—what for?"

"He asked the way to Judge Weston's place in the Montecito. He said the judge was a near relative of his."

The omnibus proceeded on its way.

"We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. "The less time they have together before explanations are made the better."

"What do you think they will do?" asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see, on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion he ever had; and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words acquired during years of service in the regular army."

"Heavens! Let us ride faster. Papa will have slain him before we get there."

"Really, Catherine," said the young man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law."

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl, smilingly. "Father has never yet refused me anything, when my happiness was at stake—as it is now."

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine has," he answered. "He is made of flint, the old general; and if he should take it into his head to say no, it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl, smiling again and lifting her veil to the rim of the jaunty sailor hat.

And a moment later the young man felt much encouraged, and the gallop was resumed.

On a slight knoll surrounded by a grove of live-oaks and faced with an avenue of old palms, there stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the graveled roadway, they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of rose bushes and start briskly down the path toward them. Presently the shorter of the two took his companion's arm and they walked along in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered.

Judge Weston assisted his daughter to alight. "Catherine," said he, "this is Gen. Strong, the father of our young friend."

The general bent low, in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courtesy out of the minut.

"Father!"

"Dick, my dear boy!"

"See here," exclaimed the judge, suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong."

The young man braced himself for a struggle.

"And to think, Dick," cried the general, reproachfully, "that you never once mentioned to the judge that your great-great-grandfather, Ebenezer Strong, married a Weston!"

"And that brings us even nearer than we had supposed," added the judge. "Fourth cousins instead of fifth."

"It was stupid of me to forget that," said the young man, humbly.

"And now that I have seen Miss Catherine," said the general, taking her hand and passing his arm about her waist, "my only regret is that the relationship is not several degrees nearer yet."

Then Catherine looked at Richard, and he told what had happened on the way to town. Straightway there was a great amount of handshaking and a good deal of kissing done in broad daylight under the palms—The Land of Sunshine.

Pie and the Yankees.

Southerner—I understand that you New Englanders leave pie for breakfast every morning.

New Englander—It's an infamous lie! We have it for dinner and supper and that's all.—Roxburg Gazette.

—Peter the Great was an unspeakable boor. When at table, if a dish displeased him, he threw it on the floor, or sometimes at the head of one of the attendants.

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